UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Wordsworth's Message for Our Age - - - - - - - - *Leonard B. Gray*

Need for Beauty in Wartime - *Joseph Remenyi*

Liberty, Democracy, and the Supreme Court - - - - - - - *Victor S. Yarros*

Beauty Reincarnated? - - *Eliot White*

Victory at the Peace Table - *Arthur D. Weage*

Hold the Torch High! - - *Fred W. Feihl*

Persistence in the Religious Humanist - - - - - - - - *Edith Hansen*

Trumpets on New Horizons
Edited by Lucia Trent

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE

The Ninety-first Annual Session

The Third Unitarian Church of Chicago

May 24-25, 1943

General Theme:
SOURCES OF RELIGIOUS INSIGHT

MONDAY, MAY 24

10:00 A.M. Business Session

11:00 A.M. Platform Meeting
Address: "New Service Materials as Sources of Religious Insight"—Kenneth L. Patton, Madison, Wisconsin.
Discussion Leader: Carl Storm, Lincoln, Nebraska.

12:30 P.M. Luncheons
Ministers—The occasional paper will be read by Henry Nelson Wieman, Divinity School, University of Chicago, and will be followed by general discussion.
Alliance—Address: "Alliance Responsibilities"—Mrs. Charles Hart, Portland, Oregon, Vice-president of The General Alliance for the Pacific Area.

3:00 P.M. Meeting of the Western Branch of the Unitarian Historical Society
Chairman: Robert M. Pratt, Quincy, Illinois. Program to be announced.

6:00 P.M. Supper
Address: "A Functional Approach to the Religious Education of Children and Youth"—Ernest J. Chave, Divinity School, University of Chicago.

8:00 P.M. Conference Sermon
"Source of Our Faith in the Future"—Gerald F. Weary, Bloomington, Illinois.
The service will be conducted by Edwin T. Buehrer, Chicago, Illinois.

TUESDAY, MAY 25

10:00 A.M. Business Session

11:00 A.M. Platform Meeting
Subject: "Sources of Religious Insight in Movements of Thought and Life."
Addresses: E. Burdette Backus, Indianapolis, Indiana; James Luther Adams, Chicago, Illinois.

12:30 P.M. Luncheon
Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice—
Chairman: Wallace W. Robbins, St. Paul, Minnesota.
Address: "The Present Status and the Future of Japanese Americans"—Raymond B. Bragg, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

6:00 P.M. Conference Dinner
Toastmaster: Mrs. Henry A. Hanson, Chicago, Illinois.
Toasts: Maynard Van Dyke, Louisville, Kentucky; Leona Handler, Lawrence, Kansas; Arthur W. Olsen, Toledo, Ohio.

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXXIX MAY, 1943 No. 3

Editorial Comments

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

I

This dreadful war goes on. And if it continues to go on, into 1944 and 1945, to speculate no further, what is going to be left? Every day we read of the triumphant bombing raids into Germany, and of the awful destruction wrought in Berlin, Hamburg, Nuremburg, Munich, and other great cities. And we are asked to gloat over these wonderful results. But is it possible that nobody sees that a German city destroyed is a European city destroyed, and that the Europe we are fighting to save is thus bit by bit being annihilated in the process of salvation? It is as though the hands were making war against the feet, and were destroying one by one the nerve centers and arterial lines of communication that serve the feet. Each act of destruction, wiping out nerve ganglia and breaking blood streams, would be a glorious victory, I have no doubt. The feet would perish in due course. But what about the hands—how long would they last? Can we never see that this world is an organism, a single organism, and that "if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it," and if one member perish all the members perish with it? From this standpoint, this war is suicide—one vast act of death against oneself. Britain in blasting Germany is blasting herself, and vice versa. Every bombing raid across the channel, in either direction, is a blow aimed straight and sure not at the enemy merely, but at the world and all mankind. Which means that if the world is not to be destroyed and mankind doomed, this war has got to be stopped before it is too late! Is this defeatism? What do you mean by defeat—or victory, for that matter!—in a war like this? What is a defeat for Germany and a victory for America but both together a defeat for humanity? There was a Roman conqueror, according to Tacitus, who "made a desert and called it peace." We seem now engaged in the somewhat similar business of destroying a civilization and calling it victory. A lot of good such a victory will do ourselves, or anybody else! Of all modern statesmen only Woodrow Wilson saw this truth, and immortalized it in his great plea for "peace without victory." As it was the failure to achieve such a peace in the last war that lost that war even after military victory had been won, so it will be failure to achieve such a peace in this war that will lose this war also even if terms be dictated by the United Nations in Berlin. We shall again have to fight again—assuming that there are enough left of us to fight!

II

It was early in Hitler's regime that I declared that the Jews in Germany must be rescued like residents from a burning house, and prophesied that "in twenty-five years there won't be a Jew alive in Germany." Little did I realize how far short my prophecy would fall of the dread reality—that in *ten* years extermination of the Jews would be at hand, and not only in Germany but over large areas of the European continent! The figures well-nigh surpass belief. Thus, Mr. James G. McDonald, for two years the League of Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, in an article in the *New Palestine*, estimates that in Austria the Jewish population has declined from 190,000 to 12-15,000; in Belgium from 85,000 to 8,000; in Germany from 600,000 to 30-40,000; in Bohemia and Moravia from 90,000 to not more than 11,000. In France more than 65,000 Jews have been deported and "the full blood hunt is on." In Poland, writes Mr. McDonald, "a campaign of total extermination is in progress." J. H. Oldham, of England, writing in his *Christian News Letter,* declares that "in Yugoslavia and Serbia the Jewish population has been practically exterminated." Ernest S. Pisko, writing in the *Christian Science Monitor* of deaths quite apart from deportations, estimates that two million of the seven million Jews in Germany and the Nazi occupied territories have already perished. Says Mr. Oldham, "the able-bodied Jews are slowly worked to death in labor camps, and the infirm left to die of exposure and starvation or deliberately massacred in mass executions; the number of victims of these bloody cruelties is reckoned in many hundreds of thousands of entirely innocent men, women, and children." Among all the horrors enacted in the world today, and they are well-nigh innumerable, "the attempt to exterminate the

Jews in Europe [has] an infamous preëminence." What to do about it? Mr. McDonald sees no immediately practicable project of relief except in Palestine. There are difficulties here, but none of them insuperable. Wise and determined statesmanship can and must open up this highway of escape into the Holy Land. "The alternative is death by many horrible means." What is done in the next few months, or even weeks, will show what we are coming to—whether any considerable portion of Europe's wretched population is going to be saved at all. For "these Jewish victims of Nazi barbarism," says Mr. McDonald, "are a first test of mankind's will to save and reëstablish decency on earth."

III

It is good to hear that, amid the general and ignominious surrender of our colleges to the military raids of the government, there has been some protest and resistance. The dignity of our educational institutions, to say nothing of their obligations to the high standards of culture in a democracy, would seem to bind them to the continued service of their appointed tasks. But when the government stepped in and took over, the colleges simply collapsed. But there were two exceptions—Earlham College, a Quaker institution at Richmond, Indiana, and Adrian College, a Methodist school in Adrian, Michigan. When the word came that they must turn over their facilities to the military, these colleges refused, thereby putting to shame such great and powerful seats of learning as Harvard and Princeton. In addition, there has been protest in the case of colleges which have succumbed to seizure. Thus, the Reverend William Lindsay Young, President of Park College and former moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, has denounced the action of the Presbyterian College Union in offering the facilities and resources of Presbyterian colleges to the government for aid in the winning of the war. Citing this action as showing "how even a group of mature educators can be caught off balance when war rages," Doctor Young said:

> There are some things the church and its institutions cannot yield to the government even in time of war. Such yielding constitutes a betrayal of both the Christian faith and the democratic way of life we are so desperately anxious to preserve * * * It will be a sad day for America once our independent institutions yield their independence.

At least one college president, I have been informed, has resigned his position on this issue. So that the soul of America in the educational field has not been wholly lost! What is happening, of course, is a duplication under the stress of war of what happened in Germany under Hitler. We were horrified in this country when we were told of Nazi troopers tramping into the great German universities, instituting military lectures and routine, and turning the students into trained cadets. And now American soldiers are entering our universities, and doing much the same. Which means that the whole great body of liberal education, which is the sole justification of our colleges and universities, is junked, and war needs put in its place! What will this not do to the minds of our young? How long will it be before we have bred up a generation of barbarians? Alas, that war should thus corrupt, and a nation be lost in the process of being saved!

IV

It would seem as though, little by little, the rights of Jehovah's Witnesses were going to be recognized and sustained in this country. Recent decisions of the Supreme Court in the matter of the distribution of literature have ended for good and all persecution on this elementary right of speech and press. The anticipated decision in the flag-salute cases will undoubtedly restore that freedom of religious worship and belief which was taken away in that earlier decision of which justices themselves are now ashamed. It gives one new confidence in America that, especially in wartime, these grievous wrongs can be righted by the natural processes of democracy itself. Meanwhile, it remains lamentably true, as a fact of history, that Jehovah's Witnesses are the worst persecuted sect that this country has seen since the days of the Mormons. The treatment of the Latter-day Saints is of course the worst blot on the escutcheon of the nation's life, unless we include the treatment of the Indians which really belongs to a different category of injustice. Strictly in the religious field, the Mormons lead the list of those outraged for the sake of faith. The Roman Catholics have at times suffered pretty badly, but nothing as compared with the Mormons. That epic migration from Illinois to Utah, what was it but a desperate attempt to flee the hand of the persecutor, and find a haven in which they might live unmolested by hate and violence. These dark days, happily, are gone, and we have learned to respect the Mormons, whatever our dissent from their creeds and practices. Now come Jehovah's Witnesses who in the last generation have endured a trial which may well be matched with that of earlier days. It is true that they seem stubborn and self-willed—but so were the Christians in the days of the Roman emperors. It is true that they are considerable of a nuisance—but so were the Quakers in the days of their first witnessing. But the fault was primarily with those who insisted upon conformity, were impatient of freedom in religion, and were prompt to repress and oppress any minority that brought dissension to the body politic. Jehovah's Witnesses do not fit into our comfortable churchly ways—they believe tremendously in their articles of faith—they feel called to testify to God's truth as they understand it, and are ready to suffer any inconvenience and meet any danger in the service of their cause. Agree or not with their ideas, we must agree that we have apostles and martyrs with us once again. Would that our regular Christian folk had something of their courage, zeal, and utter sacrifice! Meanwhile, it is our test

of the first of the Four Freedoms that these people shall be not only unmolested but protected in their religious practices.

V

It's extraordinary how little logic there is in men's thinking. The most curious *non sequiturs* are bobbing up all of the time. Especially is this true in the field of suspicion in this war. For example, here are some of the charges that pass as reasonable, and are actually the occasion of investigation by the government. (1) A pacifist is a pro-German! But how can a pacifist be a pro-German, when the pacifist in the very essence of his faith is opposed to the use of force and violence, whereas Germany is at this moment the supreme exemplar of this force and violence which the pacifist chiefly abhors? These two influences, pacifism and Nazism, stand at opposite poles of the spiritual planet. If there is any one thing which the pacifist must oppose to the uttermost, it is Nazism and all it represents. (2) An advocate of freedom for India is a pro-Japanese! But how can such an advocate be pro-Japanese when he is all-out for freedom, and Japan is all-out for conquest and tyranny? Is it conceivable that any friend of the Indian people would free them from the rule of Britain only to have them pass under the rule of Nippon? It is argued, to be sure, that a free India would thus fall victim to the invading Japanese, but argument does not make it so. As a matter of fact, a free India would at once become a loyal member of the United Nations, and thus bring to the side of the anti-Axis powers an ally now helpless in the bondage of imperial subjection. To free India will win this war against Japan, whereas not to free her will go far toward losing it. (3) A pacifist is a defeatist! But how can a pacifist be a defeatist, when his whole life is based on the triumphant principle that "if God is for us, who can be against us?" The pacifist is distinctive in his insistence upon being on God's side and following in God's way, and trusting to him the victory. In the present war, the pacifist can think of nothing more tragic than the defeat of the United Nations, except only the defeat of all humanity in the bitter end of a death-struggle. It was no less a man and soldier than the Duke of Wellington who said that nothing was half so melancholy as a battle lost except a battle won. To save mankind, and with mankind his own beloved country, from the catastrophe now impending, this is the pacifist's mission, and it is as far from defeatism as East is from West. Think straight and fair—this at least we owe to one another!

VI

That something far more potent than mere hatred of war and love of peace is necessary to get rid of war is shown conclusively by the history of our own country. Americans characteristically hate war and love peace. Militarism has never taken root in this land. Great numbers of our people are here because their fathers or grandfathers fled from Europe to get rid of armies and fighting. We have little use for imperialism, conquest, or the sword. Yet America has gone to war with appalling frequency. In the one hundred and fifty years from 1775 to 1925, we have been engaged in no less than six major wars, and now are engaged in a seventh. Of these wars, two (the Mexican and the Spanish) were as disgraceful as they were unnecessary. They stand as ineffaceable blots on the escutcheon of the nation's life. Of the other wars, the War of 1812 and the first World War were futile and costly—mistakes that are sometimes worse than crimes! Only the Revolutionary and the Civil Wars take on the aspects of "irrepressible conflicts" and reflect the glory of great causes. Yet both, as struggles between brothers, were as truly tragic in character as they were terrible in operation. Why should such family rows have ever been? What strikes one, in a survey of these American wars, is the sombre fact that, in a period of less than a century and a half, an essentially peace-loving people have gone to war on an average of once every twenty-five years. And we are keeping up this rate, for our entrance into this second World War came almost precisely a quarter of a century after our entrance into the first. Which means that sentiment doesn't carry us very far! What we confront, in this war business, are forces at work that all too often overcome our best intentions and highest purposes. We want to live at peace, but again and again, at ominously regular intervals, are dragged, or driven, or betrayed into wars which we fight with as much bloodshed and horror as though we liked it. Say what you will, this world of ours is a war world, and our job is to make it a peace world. We must use our basically pacifist emotions and ideals to transform the political, economic, and social conditions of our civilization so that war will no longer be the accepted way of life—the first resort when nations disagree. Our convictions are sound. Now let's objectify them in an ordered and constructive society!

Friend

I look down from my kitchen
Upon a walnut tree
That, since it was a sapling,
Has been a friend to me.
Its trunk so straight and stalwart,
And leaves of restful green
Are like a friendly shoulder
Upon which I may lean
In culinary troubles
And times of household stress.
O walnut tree, I thank you
For strength and loveliness.

ORA LEE PARTHESIUS.

Jottings

"Chicago Without Meat."—*Newspaper Headline.*

What next? Why, obviously—Newcastle without coal, Boston without baked beans, and Vermont without maple sugar!

These would seem to be great days for the vegetarian. As meat fails, we all turn perforce to his diet. But what is *he* going to do when vegetables fail? Follow the example of Nebuchadnezzar, and "eat grass like the ox"?

"The attack against the ten-mile long wadi, running from the sea to the high hills. . . ."
—*Newspaper Dispatch from North Africa.*

So—water *does* run up hill, after all!

It was in North Africa, centuries before Christ, that Rome and Carthage fought for the mastery of the Mediterranean world. It is in North Africa today, on the very ruins of ancient Carthage, that the Axis powers and the United Nations are fighting for this same mastery of the Mediterranean. Thus does history repeat itself!

On the walls of the new Jefferson Memorial in Washington, according to a newspaper report now before me, are inscribed the opening lines of the Declaration of Independence, ending with the sentence, "Whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter it." But Jefferson wrote, to alter *or abolish* it"! Why were these two words eliminated?

Fifteen men and women resigned recently from the Office of War Information because it was impossible for them to tell "the full truth," and because the O. W. I. was controlled by "high-pressure promoters who prefer slick salesmanship to honest information." A perfect demonstration of the soundness of these charges is seen in the illustrated pamphlet, published by the O. W. I., entitled "Negroes and the War." This pamphlet tells about as much truth in regard to Negroes in this war as a distiller's prospectus tells in regard to the liquor traffic in this country.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Wordsworth's Message for Our Age

LEONARD B. GRAY

In England people are turning to William Wordsworth for refreshment of spirit. They are mentioning this poet who found the secret of "central peace" at the "heart of endless agitation" more than any other. Lord Charnwood has said, "To me Wordsworth is the great poet for such a time."

Unappreciated by the masses and scorned by the critics for the greater part of his own day, this poet has a message for all ages. Like his own mountains which he loved, he remains unchanged, a landmark to thoughtful and uplifted eyes when all the bustling life and casual and transitory incidents of any day have passed away. The principles he laid down, especially in "The Prelude" and "The Excursion," his two major poems, are for all time. But in a mad hour such as this he comes truly into his own. Because in him are the deepest springs of tranquility of spirit and fortitude, many are turning to him just now even as Earl Grey turned to him constantly during the first World War.

Bound by the classical tradition, the poetry-reading public was not ready for this innovator with his fresh and original spirit. Poetry lovers were not ready for his rebellion against rhetoric and poetic diction and unreality, not ready for his use of the everyday speech of the people. And readiness to accept this new voice was greatly retarded by Francis Jeffrey, the accepted authority among literary critics, who poured contempt and ridicule on nearly everything Wordsworth wrote. Was there ever such a brave and persistent genius? For as hostile critics whipped him and the world scoffed at him he held steadfastly true to his vision, saying: "Let the age continue to love its own darkness. I shall continue to write with, I trust, the light of heaven upon me."

Wordsworth's great poetry was written between 1798 and 1814. Yet it was not until about 1830, when the poet was sixty, that the tide began to turn in his direction. How strong the tide ran between 1830 and 1840! It carried this struggling, despised poet, upheld by only a devoted few, to his establishment as the most distinguished poet of his age. Deafening were the cheers when he appeared at a London theatre, May 26, 1836, the first night of Talfourd's tragedy. Emotion was intense when he received the honorary degree of D.C.L. at Oxford in the summer of 1839. The applause from three thousand voices was tremendous. Eyes filled with tears. Hearts throbbed with proud feelings of triumph. At long last the most abused poet of his day was justly recognized, and passionate was the outburst of pent-up feelings of decency and fair play. By making Wordsworth poet laureate in 1843 England followed her old University in honoring her great poet. Time, as Emerson said, does strange things to our reputations. It gave Wordsworth during his long life, and even more since, a place among the great poets of history.

Emerson's claim that Wordsworth had no teachers nor inspirers save nature and solitude is not quite true. School life at Hawkstead and university life at Cambridge, then in the depths of intellectual sleep, had but little influence upon him. While this Northerner never felt quite at home in London to which he drifted after graduation in 1791, he did, as an idler, see all sorts and conditions of men and those extremes of luxury and poverty reflected in his poetry. Much greater, however, was the influence of the French Revolution upon him. He gave his young heart to the people, and sympathized with their struggle for liberty so ardently

that years later he burst forth, "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, and to be young was very heaven."

Always among his beloved mountains and through frequent travels he kept his eye on public events and continued to write about them from his detached and philosophical viewpoint. Nor must we overlook the great influence that his sister, Dorothy, one of the most admirable and devoted women in history, and Samuel T. Coleridge, his dearest friend, had upon him, especially during the poet's early and formative years. And yet increasingly he was to learn more from nature and solitude than from books or the events of the busy world or friends.

The youth had learned to love the hills and forest at Cockermouth, Cumberland, where he was born April 7, 1770. And now like a homing pigeon he must return to his hills. In the summer of 1795 he settled at Racedown Lodge, Dorsetshire, and four years later in his more natural home, his beloved Lake Country. At Dove Cottage, Grasmere, his greatest creative work was done. But Rydal Mount where he settled in 1813, after two years in the parsonage opposite the church, was his favorite place of residence. In 1802 he had married Mary Hutchinson, and from that time until his death in 1850 he lived a life as sane and wholesome, as courageous and joyous as can be found anywhere in all literature. Seldom has history known such great genius coupled with such a noble personal life. His friends knew him for his great purity of heart, kindness, soundness, extraordinary amount of knowledge, and intense way of expressing himself. Despite a certain stiffness and stubbornness at times, he was one of the most congenial of companions. There was a wholesome rusticity about the man, fresh as his mountain breezes. Healthy, large-boned, firmly-knit, and lean, he walked about the countryside with a vigorous stride. While he did not mingle much with the peasants, he continually helped the poor and sick. His private life was simple, severely frugal, and happy.

How intense was Wordsworth's reaction to nature! The common sights and sounds excited him. "Aeolian Visitations," he said, came to him from the beauty and grandeur around him. A romance to him was the attraction of the countryside. Oh, what a "mighty ravishment" was Spring! what irresistible fervor a hill or a lake aroused in him! Happiness seemed excessive from the beauty on the morning hills. What uplift from the western mountains touched by the setting sun! Once he put his overwhelming emotions in these passionate lines:

> I cannot paint
> What then I was. The sounding cataract
> Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
> The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
> Their colours and their forms, were then to me
> an appetite.

Nature was alive! She breathed among the hills and groves. The heavens had a language. In themselves the forms of nature had a passion. Indeed, nature was an animate presence, intermingling with our human life, never betraying the heart that loved her. The universe was ever operative. Natural appearances were symbolic and prophetic. Our poet exclaimed:

> Wisdom and spirit of the universe!
> That soul that art the eternity of thought,
> That givest to forms and images a breath
> And everlasting motion.

How dearly Wordsworth loved the simplicities of nature and the commonplace life of men! For common things he had "exquisite regard." The tender ways of the lamb and of the lamb's mother touched him to the heart. He built his life and his poetry on the "solid ground of nature" to which as he said, "trusts the mind that builds for Aye." Not the "moving incident" was his trade, but rather the humble, everyday life of unsophisticated peasants and the many "nameless, unregarded acts of kindness and of love" on the ordinary way of life. "Wordsworth's distinctive contribution was a war against pomp and pretense," said John Ruskin, "and a display of the majesty of simple feelings and humble hearts."

Wordsworth was a nature-poet, and much more. He was chiefly a philosophical poet with man in relation to nature as his chief theme. Nature affected the inner life of man, and the inner life was of supreme importance. He saw "a grandeur in the beatings of the heart," and dealt with "men as they are men within themselves."

His beloved nature has healing for sick hearts. It restored his own hurt spirit and gave him "a happy stillness of mind" on his return to the hills after the French Revolution. Nature has power to give deep peace by teaching the mind through the affections which she touches easily and naturally by excluding the jarring notes of human problems. Through Wordsworth's eyes, she proved medicine to John Stuart Mill's state of mind. And today, through these same eyes, she can assuage, renew, and fortify Americans even as she is rendering these services to many Englishmen.

This lover of nature and of men strongly opposed everything that made the life of man unnatural. He hated the deformities of crowded cities. He cried against the "much getting and spending" by which men laid waste their natural powers. Fierce was his anger against the materialism and baseness of industrialism. The inequalities in the conditions of living gave him much pain of heart. Tender and moving was his sympathy for the depths of sadness in the lives of the working poor, filling the cities, and for the sad plight of the rustic, living in ignorance and poverty. The statesman's first duty, he stoutly asserted, is to provide conditions favorable for virtue and wholesomeness on the part of all citizens. He rejoiced in the "nicest observations" and "unrivalled skill" of scientific men, but condemned the science that had no outlook beyond the naked object and did not recognize the aesthetic and spiritual needs of men. A man, he asserted, should not exist for the enjoyment of others rather than for his own. The life of the mill hand is an anomaly, and not in the order of nature.

With great heat he cried out:

> Our life is turned out of her course
> Wherever man is made an offering
> Or a sacrifice, a tool or implement,
> A passive thing employed
> As a brute mean, without acknowledgment
> Of common right or interest in the end.

His message is vital for our day. Go to nature, he bids us, and learn from her. Go not as the fast driving and superficial tourist, nor as summer people who take along their city amusements, even a portable radio for a few hours on the beach. Do not go to her for material for articles, poems, and sermons. Write about her only when you cannot help yourself. Love her for her own sake. Explore her fields and forests. Climb her mountains. Rough it in her wilds. Dare her storms. Sail and swim her lakes and seas. Feel the

lift of her skies and clouds. Be still before her sunsets and under her starlit heavens. Brood long on her varied aspects. Breathe her moods. Become so much a part of her that you are not lonely in her solitary places. And she will give you her meaning and let her ministry play upon you.

Would not this poet of human dignity and normal living condemn the economic insecurity, the inadequate opportunities for play, the lack of roots, and the homelessness of our crowded cities? Like Dorothy Thompson, would he not condemn our terrific "over-urbanization" of life?

We cannot say that this lover of freedom would stop our present efforts to overthrow totalitarianism. But surely he would look upon this all-out use of mankind's brains and energies for the killing of men as the worst perversion of human powers in all history.

In these satanic and chaotic days turn to Wordsworth. He will lead you to the substantial and permanent realities found in nature and in the moral order. More than ever we need the ministry of his beloved nature by which "the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world is lightened."

Like this poet of inner peace and happy cheer, live close to nature as much as possible. At least give new devotion to the simple and wholesome values he loved and taught. His poetry is still a moral medicine and a wellspring of refreshment. It can still give us the inner reserves of power and the fortitude that we need so much for these difficult days.

Need for Beauty in Wartime

JOSEPH REMENYI

There are too many people, even professional writers, critics, and educators, who say that because we are at war any concern for art and literature is a waste of time. Of course, we all must do our very best to destroy totalitarianism. But should a cyclone make one forget that there is sunshine? Should purity be despised because it is not tangibly manifested in an impure frame? By this process of reasoning one might also say that because ancient Greece was politically chaotic, therefore Greek art and literature should be ignored. Nonsense! Formlessness is not right because it succeeds; that is, sickness is not right because it insures income for doctors. War does not make peace undesirable, and killing should not make ideas and form less significant. In fact, it should make them more significant. War or no war, life seeks completeness and meaning.

Imaginative intelligence and feeling do not belong solely to the sphere of poets, writers, artists, critics, but to laymen as well. The flexibility of human nature prevents uniformity in matters of personal inquisitiveness, enthusiasm, and approval. Interest in literature and art is an admission that one is incapable and unwilling to view the horizon of destiny exclusively in biological, social, political, and economic terms. What certain critics call the illogical character of art represents imagination following its own rules. Art and literature is by its very nature symbolic. This symbolism may be psychologically rationalized, but no psychological rationalization can replace the adventure and meaning of symbolically expressed creative imagination. Why? A dinner prepared merely for nutritional purpose but flavorless leaves one unsatisfied; so would a test tube fragrance of a rose—being unable to supplant a real living rose. Creative symbolism is not in conflict with factual truth; it enhances it.

It would be impossible to reach such conclusions without aesthetic discrimination. A mechanical attitude toward the world neglects the intrinsic magic of being; "gadgets" are illusions of usefulness or they are sometimes actually useful, but they are not expressions of a complete reality. It is indispensable for the salvation of the spirit to find the path that leads to a life illuminated by aesthetic understanding. Even the world war does not monopolize the total man. Rickenbacker and his confreres in their need and loneliness prayed in the presence of the seemingly inevitable. Exponents of religion will point out that in a tragic crisis God is the final solace of man; psychologists state that frightened men go through such uneasiness that prayer develops a functional significance with a balancing effect. There is something beautiful in loneliness when men thus attempt to establish a consoling contact with the universe. Their tragic solitude is accompanied not only by religious and psychological, but also by aesthetic factors.

Whatever man is, he is inherently in need of some kind of beauty that overrules the poverty of a fettering empiricism. Since Plato, Aristotle, and Plotinus much has been said and written about the impetus that aesthetically understood experiences offer humans; yet it is still necessary to insist upon the importance of this problem. The "escape-who-can" view of many influential and less influential people applied to the spirit shows either cowardice or an absolute misjudgment of the worth of beauty (creative integrity), in wartime; while they write or orate about the need of military efficiency, they deny the right of the spirit to be courageous. *Creative integrity means facing facts with an imaginative sense of proportion.*

Contrary to the "practical" minded (who have their own practical obsessions without the redeeming feature of form), it is not a sign of decadence or self-centeredness to multiply the dream of living by re-experiencing it through art and literature. It upholds in man the conviction that the diversity of life requires the vision of unity, and that man can partake in this unity by pursuing it with singing perseverance. Something of Don Quixote's tragic optimism is necessary for the proper comprehension of this point of view.

Recently I spoke to soldiers at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, under the auspices of the United Service Organization. I spoke on cultural topics which included literature as an ethical and artistic experience. I said that I was not lecturing to them but rather sharing my mental experiences with them. I knew that I faced human beings in uniform, and that it would have been an imposition to tell them what to do as soldiers. But I pointed out that words and ideas were swords; I said that the ideals of the United Nations were bound up with views of humaneness and humanism which must be defended with guns and words. The

ultimate comprehension of life is, naturally, beyond the scope of human judgment; but man's imagination can project itself into the unknown, thus shortening the distance between the unknown and the known. To understand a work of art, to be creative or to be receptive in an artistic sense, concerns every man and woman who wants to find support and comfort in individual or national struggle. As long as we are aware of beauty, our awareness of the manifoldness of life is sustained.

Many of the soldiers were responsive. Of course, I spoke to heterogeneous groups, and my method of interpretation had to consider this fact. But I was talking to human beings who rejected a conception of life that totalitarian governments wish to enforce; I spoke to soldiers who sensed the beauty of freedom which is being defended. They knew what I meant when I said that the character and significance of a nation's culture is not only determined by the greatness of writers, poets, artists and critics, but by the receptive sensitiveness of those who appreciate them. In a society which is democratic and morally superior to a totalitarian society, this moral superiority must indicate aesthetic discrimination, so that morality shall not be reduced to sheer utilitarianism and sentimentalism. There is too much rhetorical flirtation with culture, including literature and art; there is too much studied enthusiasm in certain educational circles; there is not sufficient genuine identification with the power that beauty, as an organic experience, gives to men. Aesthetic discrimination is not a hairsplitting postulate of evaluation; it is the acceptance of a profound quest for beauty which is form; and form, after all, is the ultimate goal of a "good society." One cannot be honestly "social" minded and "political" minded in a democratic sense, and at the same time reject aesthetic values. Pragmatism invites the need of beauty. A materially successful life is wretched in which the purity of thought and the purity of beauty is trampled upon by those who are powerful without an imaginative horizon. Walt Whitman's poetic relationship to our Civil War added to the meaning of the Civil War.

It should be emphasized that for the understanding of beauty in wartime, psychological curiosity is not sufficient; laughter and tears explained psychologically do not impart the poetry of laughter and tears. It should be also said that research work in the facts of aesthetics is not enough; the task is to *experience the relation of emotion, imagination, and intelligence to the course of life's vital rhythm.* A democratic society is not rigid, not even in wartime; in this society human dignity is not or should not be an abstraction; spontaneity and controlled passion are not or should not be incompatible, considering that democracy (as Mill understood it in a scientific sense; Jefferson in a political and social sense; and Shelley in a poetic sense) is freedom and not libertinism. An attachment to aesthetic values in wartime should mean a collaboration with the issues of wartime; it should also be one of the best arguments against the spirit of regimentation that totalitarianism wishes to impose upon the entire universe. Man, the reasonable, is also man, the imaginative; in a democratic society this should make him much more sensitive about the aesthetic comprehension of truth and justice than in the framework of totalitarianism. Beauty created with hands, or with words, or with color, or with melodies, personalizes the boundless perspective of collective forces, militaristic and civilian likewise; *it does not permit man to omit his completeness when world conditions expect him to be a specialist in killing.* The understanding of this pattern of truth and justice should enable people to adopt a more substantial view in regard to principles which justify the defense of democracy. It should contribute to the strength of militaristic and civilian morale. Integrity is not aloofness; it is taking sides with values. If beauty is valid, not even a global war should eliminate its desirability.

Trumpets on New Horizons

EDITED BY LUCIA TRENT

Eternal Peace

The thunder of war-planes overhead
Is a constant reminder that peace has fled;
That men created for unity
Are fighting each other fiendishly.

Then, as I turn my troubled eyes
Away from the omens that haunt the skies,
I find in the silence of sun-lit hill
The peace of God, enduring still.

EDYTHE BREHM.

There Is But Desolation

Earth, we the people are your one confusion,
The scourge you bear that mars your face.
We with our petty cares, our indignations
And quibblings as to creed and race.
Time was when God, The Great Creator,
Swept clean your face with roaring flood
And now man's greed has set the conflagration
To raze your hills and drench the fields with blood.
The nations torn in war are crying mercy,
Parched lands turn furrows bleakly to the sky.
There is not peace, there is but desolation
And raucous screams of all the hordes who die!

GRADY MCCARTY LONG.

The Savior

Christ, bare your wounds to a blood-stained world,
Besmirched by a crimson lash,
Lift up your eyes, through sorrow hurled
Where agonized centuries flash.

Let our pain merge in yours, with grace,
You have not bled in vain;
Humanity turns its piteous face
To be made whole again.

PATRICIA BENTON-MEDNIKOFF.

Liberty, Democracy, and the Supreme Court

VICTOR S. YARROS

Once more the United States Supreme Court is under attack, and from more than one front. Conservative lawyers are assailing it because it is, from their viewpoint, too radical, too subservient to the administration, too ready to discard precedents and cherished traditions. Liberals are disappointed, and even bitter, because the majority of the Court has refused to annul municipal and state legislation which infringes upon the rights of religious and racial minorities. Radicals are indignant and angry because justices whom they regarded as advanced progressives have sanctioned, positively or negatively, certain illiberal statutes and ordinances. Many lawyers and nonpartisan laymen are perplexed and anxious by reason of the mere fact that the Court has been handing down again those unsatisfactory "five-to-four" decisions, decisions that manifestly fail to settle legal controversies or afford firm guidance.

It is asked: What *is* the matter with the reconstructed Court? Where is the harmony that was expected and, by implication at least, promised after the retirement of the rugged *laissez-faire* justices, the obstinate opponents of the philosophy of the New Deal?

Now, the writer of these lines shares the sense of bewilderment and disappointment which, in liberal quarters, greeted the decisions in the Jehovah's Witnesses cases and in one or two other instances. But most of the criticisms of the Court appear to overlook one very important consideration. The New Deal majority of the Court must take into account not alone the rights of small and unpopular minorities, of elements discriminated against and oppressed, but also the prerogatives and constitutional powers of the legislative bodies, the imperative need of preventing judicial "usurpation."

The New Deal justices are accused of inconsistency and vacillation. The same charge might have been brought against Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose genuine and vigorous liberalism no one ever seriously doubted.

A careful study of Justice Holmes' opinions, and particularly of the dissenting ones, reveals considerable *superficial* inconsistency. Holmes did not attach undue value to logic. Experience, he said, not logic, is the life of the law and of justice. He believed in the maximum of liberty for the citizen and the group, but he also believed in the right of the majority to govern within certain limits and in the right of the legislature, elected by the people, to impose restrictions upon property, upon industry, upon powerful interests, when or where equality of opportunity and essential justice demanded such restrictions.

Like Chief Justice Stone, Holmes deplored the disposition of the courts, during the era of political and economic conservatism, to kill reform and welfare legislation on the ground that it contravened this or that vague clause of the Bill of Rights. Like Stone, he protested vehemently against the notion that the judiciary is the *only* defender and guardian of the organic law, the sacred rights of the American citizen, and the reserved powers of the several states in the Federal Union.

To sustain ordinances and statutes of an illiberal character is not to indicate moral approval of them. It is merely to take the position that the legislative bodies, in enacting them, did not actually violate the Constitution. Limitations on liberty are not, of course, always invalid. Where the line is to be drawn between legitimate and reasonable limitations, on the one hand, and unnecessary, unreasonable, socially undesirable limitations on the other, is a question upon which sincere and enlightened liberals may and do differ. Appeals to glittering generalities or alluring and plausible half-truths are remarkably easy, but we must not uncritically endorse them.

For example, to condemn a tax on circulars distributed by a sect or radical group on the ground that "the power to tax is the power to destroy," and that the sect or group may be too small and too poor to pay the tax, is to forget that the power to tax is indispensable to any government, however democratic it may be, and that the reasonableness of a given tax is a proper subject for discussion and debate in the legislature, in the press, and in the public forum. A judge is not illiberal or indifferent to religious and political liberty merely because he holds that a certain tax is not excessive and, therefore, not destructive of American liberty.

Let us remember that a conservative majority of the United States Supreme Court annulled a federal anti-child labor law which attempted to use the taxing power of the government to do away with a grave social evil. In that case, the majority of the justices held that the particular use of the taxing power was improper — a mere subterfuge on the part of Congress to bring about indirectly a social end that it lacked the power to achieve directly. Progressive opinion, it is well known, did not think *that* decision liberal in nature or in its social consequences. The proposition, "the power to tax is the power to destroy," is fallacious. The power to tax is not, speaking practically, the power to destroy. Lawmakers and public sentiment have duties and responsibilities in connection with any attempt to misuse or violently stretch the taxing power of government.

In the case of the ordinances directed at the literature circulated by Jehovah's Witnesses, a fee or tax of, say, $500 would doubtless have been pronounced excessive and unreasonable by *any* liberal court. Can we say dogmatically that a $25 tax is excessive and unreasonable under all circumstances? Are not sympathizers with Jehovah's Witnesses likely to increase their support of the sect and thus enable it to pay the small fee and continue the distribution of their leaflets?

The point is that the courts must think of democracy and of efficient government, as well as of liberty and justice — justice to individuals, to minorities, to unpopular opinions, but also to the majority.

Liberalism dictates justice, but it also dictates decent regard for the constitutional authority of the legislature. After all, if a given law is inimical to justice, it can be amended under public pressure. If the majority of the people are at heart indifferent to justice and to liberty, the judiciary will not preserve these values for us. The earnest friends of religious, political, and economic freedom should address their appeals to the majority and to the lawmakers, who are supposed to represent the people and reflect the people's wishes and sentiments in legislation.

It is *not* sound liberalism to magnify unduly the role of the judiciary. The judge who is reluctant to throw legislation out of the window, and who sustains *doubtful*

statutes, thereby proclaims his liberalism and his devotion to democracy. We have suffered too much from judicial usurpation in the past to encourage like usurpation on the part of a more progressive Supreme Court.

As for the recent five-to-four decisions, it must be admitted, in candor, that they *are* disturbing. Chief Justice Stone has said recently that such decisions are due to the "robust individualism" of the judges. No doubt this is part of the truth. Unfortunately, the possibility of such decisions betrays weakness, uncertainty, and ambiguity in the *laws* that the courts have to interpret. Are such qualities in our legislation unavoidable? Cannot we expect clearer, better-written, better-conceived laws? The law is not an exact science and never will be. Still, considerable improvement in the quality of our legislation is assuredly possible.

The foregoing interpretation of the attitude of the majority of the United States Supreme Court in the cases involving the issue of religious freedom is indirectly supported by the decision of the same tribunal in the Nevada divorce case. Those who have complained of and deplored this decision are apparently unwilling to pay part of the price exacted of us by the federal principle and the State-rights doctrine. The courts cannot and ought not to indict states and judicial departments of state governments upon moralistic grounds. Nevada has as much right to enact divorce laws as New York or North Carolina. Nevada's divorce laws are liberal, as Delaware's corporation laws are liberal — or loose. No state can be bullied by sister states into changing its laws. We can appeal *to* the people of this or that state in the name of ethical or religious ideas, but we are bound to recognize and respect state sovereignty within the limits of the organic law of the Republic.

That law is amendable. We have the right to agitate for an amendment establishing a national divorce system, thus depriving the states of an important power and function that they now exercise. If we are satisfied that public sentiment is opposed to a national divorce law, we must resign ourselves to the existing diversities, inconveniences and, as some think, scandals in the results of the welter of state divorce laws. But we cannot assail the Supreme Court for proper and honest application of constitutional guaranties and constitutional limitations. State lines, the Supreme Court has remarked, are vanishing lines, but it is not for the judiciary arbitrarily or sophistically to hasten the breakdown of the sovereign states and extend the powers of the federal government.

It now appears probable that the Supreme Court will reverse itself and declare null and void the leading Jehovah's Witnesses case. The new justice, it is believed, will join the dissenting members of the court and thus convert a minority into a majority. But the issue will remain the same, and it will not be decided finally. For it is well to bear in mind that a victory for the upholders of religious freedom will mean a defeat for the champions of state rights, democracy in government, and the authority of legislatures to impose *reasonable* restrictions upon minorities or individuals in the interest of the great majority. If the judiciary is to be supreme, and is to have the power to nullify laws it happens to dislike, then our system will lose its truly democratic character. Government by judges, or rather bare majorities of Supreme Courts, is not representative, not government by the people for the people.

War and Education

In the midst of war this is an attempt to appraise education as it has been, is, and might be—to explain how the abstractions "war" and "education," so much in people's minds, cover a multitude of sins.

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Beauty Reincarnated?

ELIOT WHITE

Many times during the fifty years since I saw the boy of this narrative I have wished to record the marvel of his appearance. But there seemed always some reason to wait a little longer. Now the occasion has come, to find with pleasure that the lapse of years has not dulled recollection of that surpassing face and aspect of beauty.

It was on a midsummer day near Lake Placid in the Adirondacks, with sunshine flooding a green valley beyond the road where I watched a group of people disembark from a country vehicle and, after talking together for perhaps five minutes, depart again. But I devoted every "split second" of that opportunity to almost hypnotized admiration of a boy member of the party, twelve or thirteen years of age. Hardly, indeed, could anyone else have been much noticed where he was present.

Of Jewish parentage, his rippling long golden hair, blue eyes, and cameo-perfect features nevertheless made him seem akin to some Greek lad of the Phaeacians' shining land, or out of the Dialogues of Plato. And yet the Hebrew inheritance could be clearly enough felt to set the observer searching the Bible narratives for his youthful counterpart. Such flawless charm was no less than bewildering in its influence. And to those who did not see the child, one cannot hope even by description which must sound extravagant, to convey the all but startling apparition of his comeliness.

Uncovered to the summer sunlight, the boy's hair in its wavy masses poured from the deep cleft of its parting on the crown to roll on either side in glistening volume past brow, temples, and ears, to the shoulders, like molten gold from a crucible, or opulent grain of the Hesperides rippling in breezes of a bright mythology. Dense plumage of some burnished amber pheasant; delicate wild honey brimming like that which Jonathan dipped from the comb in the forest and found his eyes enlightened; fleece rich as Jason and his fellow Argonauts devoted their lives to attain—such comparisons seem demanded to recall the resplendent locks.

Could this be the boy Absalom at twelve years of age, returned? In his early loveliness, before it had been tarnished by any treacherous thought or greed of power? With strange insistence the imagination has recurred that in this lad, nearly thirty centuries afterward, shone a reincarnation of that one of David's sons who in all Israel was most to be praised for his beauty; for "from the sole of his foot even to the crown of his head there was no blemish in him. And when he polled his head (because the hair was heavy on him) he weighed the hair of his head at two hundred shekels after the king's weight."

Certainly it seemed as though all the times of old—Biblical, classical, crusading, Renaissance, and other periods of renown—had united to disclose to modern days through this one boy how great youthful loveliness they treasured. It might well have happened that the natives and guests of the Adirondack region during the summer when the child appeared, had they been more alert to such a revelation, would have spread the news of his arrival more excitedly than of any visit of mere royalty. For had they thronged the roads where he passed, for a glimpse of childhood even lovelier than the environing lakes and mountains, such tribute would have seemed in no way excessive.

And surely some who beheld would have realized that the boy's presence made more vivid to their inner vision the very aspect of that other Son of David whose beauty was never tarnished, in fullness of young grace and truth beside the hill-encircled lake of a yet holier land.

The Oneness of All Souls

I belong to the ages,
As the fruit to the tree;
What budded before time
Now ripens in me.

The life of the world,
Of mankind as a whole,
I take to myself
And make it my soul.

I am nothing apart
From the ancientest man,
What runs in my blood
In his blood once ran.

I inherit his being,
His glory, his shame;
The ashes of him
In me are a flame.

By a law universal,
By nature's decree,
Down the ages mankind
Has been toiling for me.

The thoughts man has cherished,
His learning, his art,
Through them has been nourished
The strength of my heart.

The blood of the race
Flows now in my veins;
I am richer by far for
Its struggles and pains.

I blame not its failures,
I scorn not its sin;
Above good and evil
There is wisdom to win.

Whatever in blindness
Mankind may have wrought
Has helped to enrich
The field of my thought.

Looking back down the ages
I am forced to foresee
That the future of man
Is waiting in me.

VICTOR E. SOUTHWORTH.

Victory at the Peace Table

ARTHUR D. WEAGE

The vital question is at long last being asked: Is our "biggest battalion" victory (so called) to be lost at the peace table? Surely, a Sphinx riddle! The answer is still in the lap of the gods. But no, the truer reply would be that the answer is in the laps of bewildered and bewitched men who have made our beautiful and bounteous world the monstrous mess it now is. We have all had a hand in the debacle of our collapsing civilization but surely not all are equally responsible, for some have little stake and less power or prestige in the concern, while others, a few, sit in the seats of the mighty and lord it over the submerged masses of their fellowmen.

But before we ask if the victory is to be lost at the peace table, we should inquire: What victory? And whose peace table? If it turns out as did the peace table at Versailles in the "great illusion" of twenty-five years ago, may God have mercy on groping bewildered humanity, for it will be not only a lost victory but the breeder of greater and ghastlier dictatorships. This bloodiest and most costly victory in human history where Beelzebub is cast out by the methods of Beelzebub cannot completely escape the aftermath penalty of vengeful violence, yet the victory need not be utterly lost at the peace table.

It need not be lost if the leaders of the people—statesmen, politicians, industrial masters, *et al*—read rightly the signs of their time, see the handwriting on the wall, if they are peacemakers indeed, and listen to the voices of the destitute, exploited and forgotten men. If these leaders, worldly wise men who hold in their powerful hands the social and economic machinery that decides the material destiny of the masses of men, can have the sanity, the honesty, the vision, and the courage to understand the true nature of the world-wide revolution of the common people and the nature and causes of the world-wide disease and scourge we call Nazism, Fascism, Hitlerism, and so forth, they will see and know that it did not spring full-fledged from the evil brains of Hitler and his satellites, but from long-festering roots that had spread and flourished before Hitler and his evil ilk ever appeared on the stage.

And now as we face our world crisis, unless we have the foresight and wisdom and courage to lay the ax to the roots of the evil tree, eradicate the ancient, unrestrained imperialist and capitalist roots that prepared the way and sowed the seeds of the whole dictator scourge, our bloody, violent victory will be lost at any peace table that may gather, and the plague of dictators will continue to curse our world.

Now the industrial leaders and worldly wise statesmen, such as will for the most part sit at any future peace table, were glad to join in the crusade of the annihilation (as they supposed) of the scourge of Hitlerism when it had reached its frightful delirium tremens stage. But what was the attitude of these economic and political masters before it revealed its desperate character, when it might have been throttled with comparative ease? Did they show any inclination to throttle it? On the contrary their attitude and policy was one of "hands off," even of praise and effective military aid. Why this sudden and amazing change? Because their own economic, financial, and political roots were so closely intertwined with the poisonous roots of Fascism that they dared not disturb, much less exterminate, them lest their own power and prestige be weakened and perhaps their whole exploiting structure of imperialism and finance capitalism collapse. At last they saw their once friendly enemy grown to such monstrous size that he must be crushed or their own power and prestige utterly destroyed.

Right here is the tragic valley of decision which will decide the destiny of millions of our forgotten fellowmen for generations. The evil dragon of Fascism has been met, his head and front beaten down and crushed, but the subtle poison roots of Fascism and Nazism still live and unless these old pre-Hitlerite roots are uncovered and exterminated, all the blood and sweat and tears spent in crushing his monstrous head will be worse than wasted, for a new dragon's-teeth scourge of dictators will spring to life.

Whether this violent victory that crushed the dragon's head can be saved from being defeated by another Versailles and can finally bring liberty and peace to the downtrodden millions of our fellowmen, is for the present in the laps, not of the gods nor of the inarticulate disinherited millions, but in the laps of the ruling powers that be. The first crusade on the way to victory seems almost assured. The way is now cleared and made ready for the laying bare and uprooting of the hidden and often unsuspected Fascist germs and growths. This means revolution—the real revolution that must precede any enduring peace or victory; but not violent, vindictive, and bloody revolution which inevitably brings a throwback and aftermath of hate and vengeance. Violence must be curbed before any genuine revolution comes.

Our supreme need in this time of world crisis is for leaders who have the social vision to read the "handwriting on the wall" of our decadent civilization, and the courage to break the clutches of the dead hand of the past and lead us forward into the promised land at our very threshold and not backward into the wilderness. We need desperately, just now, leaders and people who are not ashamed but proud to be known as revolutionists, radicals, rebels,—people who "turn the world upside down," for such and such alone are equal to the task of turning our topsy-turvy world right side up.

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Hold the Torch High!

FRED W. FEIHL

"To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us . . .
We shall not sleep, . . ."
—*Lt. Col. John D. McCrae.*

We have passed more than a year since our country entered World War II. Our machinery for the war effort, on both battle and home front, is in full swing. If not yet at the peak, production is such that the topmost point is at least in sight, or in confident expectation.

For just a moment we pause to take stock of our accomplishments and to envisage our course for the time ahead. What is our supreme task for the future?

Physically speaking, our citizenry has performed almost miracles. Our generalship at the front commands the honest admiration of all. Industrially, both leadership and support have been astounding, and where fault is discovered it is being progressively overcome. Home defense has been promulgated and cooperative endeavor instilled. Financial contribution has been provided, and arrangement made in increased measure for the still greater demands before us, with outlook good for fulfilling the needed requirements as they arise.

Is this physical endeavor the sum total of our task at the present time? Do we realize the purpose for which all this energy is being expended, the motive which lies in back of the effort we put forth to win in this World War?

Beyond the brain and brawn of the war drive, overtopping the gallantry and heroism of the battle—both on field and in shop—is the end we have in view, the purpose to which we have committed ourselves. The determination which vitalizes all our struggle is born directly from, and can only be proportionate to, the degree with which we are imbued with the aims we foster. Call them Democracy, the Four Freedoms, our Way of Life—what you will—the calibre of our fight is in direct relation to our keeping constantly at heart our objects and purposes.

Lt. Col. McCrae, in the last World War, expressed the gist of the matter beautifully in the lines at the head of this article. Low-minded hatred, intolerance, vengefulness and all their related attributes were far from his thoughts when he made the supreme sacrifice. They failed to win the real victory when opportunity came. They will not win the victory this time with any greater likelihood. It is only the steadfast determination that is born of sincere purpose and ideal that will bring true triumph; dispassionate but unshakable devotion to the cause of truth and right. This is the torch we must hold aloft, the light of God, the beacon for humanity to follow. Let us shun the spite and meanness of the enemy we condemn; let us strive to be unlike him by avoiding intolerance and narrowness; let us rise above petty animosity, whether personal, racial, religious, economic, or national. Let us hate only injustice, insincerity, and oppression.

If we appreciate the sacrifice that those at the front are making in offering their lives for our country, we at home can make our sacrifice too in its truest sense by establishing and preserving, for their home-coming at the close of hostilities, an enlightened atmosphere fit to be an abiding place for the ideals to which they sc unselfishly devoted themselves. Then we will be carrying out the resolve which the immortal Lincoln so fittingly set before us "that these dead shall not have died in vain, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

This is cur supreme task for the future, and above all others whatever—*hold the torch high!*

Persistence in the Religious Humanist

EDITH HANSEN

Albert Einstein, Eduard C. Lindeman, and others have called attention to the persistence of devout religious people in loyalty to their faith. "Religion," Doctor Lindeman asserts, "is the only force in the world today capable of providing individuals with the persistence necessary to stand by their convictions despite all odds."

Recognition of this power in religious people is one of the stimuli for the back-to-religion movement with its emphasis upon man's dependence upon God. It is natural for every creature to be persistent in striving for what he wants. I watched a robin try to get a long string which was fastened to a bush. Repeatedly she flew upward with the loose end in her beak, but each time she was jerked back to the ground by the attached end. Finally she abandoned the string, but she did not cease making effort to obtain nest building materials. God-centered religion provides believers with a conviction of enduring worth in human experience. Because it satisfies an intense desire, it calls forth great persistence.

The devotion of religious Humanists to their humanity-centered religion proves that fundamental satisfaction of the need for consciousness of worth in human experience can be gained through union of oneself with a supremely important ideal. That ideal need not be a concept of reality outside of human knowledge. The Humanist is inspired by his conviction that the source of all human good is the human spirit. It is possible for him so to discipline himself and so to cultivate his inherent altruistic tendencies that he achieves a constant desire for the good of mankind now and in the future. His personality becomes infused with and integrated by a strong inner urge to work for human betterment. No matter how obscure and ordinary he may be, he learns to view his responsibilities, tasks, and opportunities as ways of working toward this high incentive. Strong natural impulses for loyalty and coöperation, together with the zest for life realized in satisfaction of them, make the earnest Humanist as persistent as the earnest Christian. Indeed, these may be the real roots of Christian persistence.

Humanist persistence is aiding the forward religious movement which emphasizes the creative use of man's innate desire for improvement of his condition. Because the Humanist's opportunities for creative personal living are less hampered by circumstance than are his opportunities for effecting social improvement, he makes a clear-cut distinction between standards for his own living and his opinions regarding groups and masses of people. John Lewis, young British scientist who has worked for more adequate recognition of the value of science to community life, considers abstract ideas impotent. He concludes that man can make history only by understanding the possibilities and impossibilities of actual situations and by taking advantage of opportunities to make choices between alternative possibilities. Morality is ineffective, he believes, when it seems desirable only for its own sake. It is effective when it is a practicable possibility. The Humanist who understands his own nature and tries to live in accordance with his noblest capacities, maintains the spiritual health necessary for keeping alert to the opportunities for social effort which exist within the limits of concrete facts.

From the back steps of our house I can see a magnificent black oak. During the night and in the early morning, it holds the North Star in its topmost crotch. It has two kinds of roots—one strong tap root which grows straight down, deep into the soil, and many lateral roots which extend great distances near the surface of the ground. The Humanist is like that oak. He holds stars of aspiration in his vision, but he is not suspended by them in a contrary world. His tap root penetrates deep into his own religious possibilities, that is, into his capacity for devotion to high principles and great causes. His horizontal roots extend out into contemporary and age-old experiences of the human race. Scientific understanding of his own nature and of as much of general human nature as is possible, enables him to make effective use of knowledge which he acquires and abilities which he develops. Elevation of his spontaneous will to live to a will to live nobly, and the making of reasoned choices of objects and causes for the application of his natural power for loyalty, are the above-ground expressions of his growing religious persistence.

When the religious Humanist is less faithful than he knows that he ought to be, he is keenly conscious of failure and of disloyalty, not only toward those whom his behavior affects directly, but toward entire mankind. The painful goad of such consciousness pushes him, while the life-giving incentive of creative endeavor pulls him, to ever higher levels of responsibility. Humanism is for him a compelling religion because it enables him, through constructive use of his imagination, to establish a meaningful relationship between himself and the highest values comprehensible to him, and to make his everyday living an expression of reverence for those values. It means so much to him that he cannot do otherwise than persist in it.

The Study Table

Exposé of Supernatural Religion

HUMANIZING BIBLICAL RELIGION. *By William Floyd. New York: Arbitrator Press. 276 pp. $2.00.*

This book is a brilliant and thoroughgoing exposé of revealed or supernatural religion. "Religion here means Biblical religion," says the author—"Biblical" in the old-fashioned sense of the Bible as the full, final, and infallible Word of God. And not so old-fashioned, either! For the fundamentalist faith is having a great revival in these times, and millions of persons take literally what the Bible says as the sole source of truth.

Mr. Floyd repudiates this religion, the Christianity of the historic creeds, with abundant acquaintanceship with its doctrines and viewpoints, with ironic exposure of its logical absurdities and abominations, and with chapter and verse citation of its Biblical bases. Let no man attempt to play fast and loose with William Floyd in the matter of what's in the Bible. He will regret it if he does, for this man knows the letter of the sacred text, if not always the spirit, and uses his knowledge with deadly effect.

But Mr. Floyd is by no means merely critical in his study of religion, least of all merely destructive in his criticism. He is no atheist, nor even agnostic, though his rejection of traditional Christianity is complete. For he has his own religion, which is Humanism. "The three Faiths that are well established in America," he writes, "are Judaism, Catholicism, and Protestantism"; for these he would substitute "a fourth faith, based on reason, which includes every spiritual value and ethical principle propounded by the three recognized Faiths that is consistent with the laws of the universe as now understood." Mr. Floyd expounds this humanistic faith ably and explicitly. God he displaces in favor of "the impersonal Force that rules the world," the will of God in favor of natural law, creation in favor of evolution, revelation in favor of reason, the Bible in favor of the Encyclopaedia, Jesus in favor of the great and good of every age, faith in favor of character as the medium of salvation, a heaven after death in favor of a heaven here and now upon the earth. It is a clean sweep, but not for the sake of mere denial. Mr. Floyd sees in modern knowledge a truer faith and a nobler life than in ancient superstition, and would commend it to his fellows.

Two-thirds of this volume consists of a book-by-book survey of the Bible. It is devastating from the standpoint of the orthodox contention of infallible revelation, but it is also weak from the standpoint of the very knowledge which the author himself so fittingly extols. I wish Mr. Floyd were as familiar with the higher criticism of the Bible, and the whole scientific and philosophic viewpoint which lies behind this criticism, as he is with the text of the Bible itself. For he is bound, just like the fundamentalists, to a sterile literalism of interpretation. He never seems to get the historic, or evolutionary, perspective—that the Bible is not a book but a library, and a library which reveals and records the age, or rather ages, which produced it. Least of all does he see that all through this mighty volume there shines the light which radiates from some of the greatest writers and thinkers of all time. Right here between these scriptural covers is the story of man's march from superstition to enlightened faith. Mr. Floyd sees the line of march with all its dust and debris, and especially the places of darkness from which the

march started; but never the shining goal toward which it moves, and, in the case of such supreme spiritual geniuses as Isaiah, Jeremiah, the authors of Job and of the Psalms, Jesus, John and Paul, actually arrives.

In the opening sentence of his book, Mr. Floyd writes, "The present is the most dependable era of revelation and is therefore more suitable than ancient times as the basis for a modern religion or philosophy." True, but only within certain limitations! For there is no such absolute distinction between the present and the past as Mr. Floyd here indicates. In other fields of human activity we still turn to the past for much of our inspiration and many of our standards. In art, Phidias, Praxiteles and the designers of the Gothic cathedrals attained heights which surpass anything we know today. In literature, no moderns can match Homer, Sappho, Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Virgil. In philosophy we still go back to Plato and Aristotle for our profoundest wisdom. Why not, in religion, to Isaiah, Jesus, St. Augustine, and St. Francis? Mr. Floyd confuses mere knowledge with vision and understanding. Men's spirits were as great yesterday as they are today, and saw things we have not seen or see no more. These things we cannot afford to lose!

The trouble here, on both sides, is the fallacy of accepting or rejecting everything. The Biblical Christian insists upon holding on to every word of the Scriptures as the Word of God; Mr. Floyd insists upon throwing every word away. This is like sitting down before a deliciously cooked fish, and insisting upon eating the whole fish, bones and skin as well as meat, or casting the whole fish into the garbage pail. Why do either? Why not eat whatever is sweet and wholesome, and let the rest go? Why lose the Bible because ignoramuses and fanatics have had foolish ideas about it? Why not study it as the modern scholar studies it—as a priceless record of human thought and life, containing all the bad and good, success and failure, of man's experience upon this planet in search for truth and right?

But I would not end upon this note of criticism. I would extol Mr. Floyd's book, as I would the Bible itself, for all the precious truth that there is in it. I know of no more valuable statement of the reaction of the humanist faith upon fundamentalist Christianity. It is brave, sincere, uncompromising, and learned. And I wish every fundamentalist in the land could get the jolt of his life from reading it pages.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Building a Better World

THE PATH TO RECONSTRUCTION. *By Mrs. Charles E. B. Russell. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 68 pp. $1.50.*

This is a priceless book by one who has worked with Albert Schweitzer for many years at the famous Forest Hospital at Lambaréné. The purpose of the book is not another attempt to tell the story of the world's most famous missionary, but a presentation in lucid English of the truths and ideals by which he believes we must rebuild civilization if we are not to revert to barbarism. Albert Schweitzer comes from a goodly line of Lutheran pastors. Theology is in his blood. He first became famous for his noted theological work, *The Quest of the Historical Jesus.* Later he acquired an international reputation for his definitive biography of Bach. Leaving all his brilliant career in theology and music, he studied medicine and became a great missionary to Africa to pay the white man's debt to the black man. But periodically he emerged from the jungle to lecture throughout Europe on the reconstruction of society. This book is a resumé of his teachings which are just as brilliant as his earlier theological work and his interpretation of Bach. This is a "must" book. It is perfectly adapted for use in forums and study groups for that most important of all present-day subjects, how to establish a just and enduring peace. Buy this book, read it, digest it, and tell others about it.

C. A. HAWLEY.

Poems for Fighting America

WAR SONGS. *By Struthers Burt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 46 pp. $1.25.*

There is an Irish strain in the ancestry of Struthers Burt, and there is plenty of the "fighting Irish" in these eighteen "War Songs." The poet does not hide his feelings, nor does he hesitate to express his deep emotions in intense and powerful language. The volume opens with a poem that is as daring as it sounds convincing. Listen to these lines from "Dies Irae":

> You tell me that I must not hate,
> What are you saying? . . .
> What do you ask of flesh and blood,
> That it kiss the evil and kill the good?

His determination to hate, the poet clothes in this simple refrain:

> Now—and I will not hesitate—
> I shall hate.

And he seeks to vindicate his conclusion with such poetic oaths as:

> By the dark hill of Golgatha
> Where the nailed cross stood high . . .
>
> By all the tears that have been shed,
> By the smoking altars stained and red . . .
>
> By every prayer and every dream,
> By every road and every stream.

There is beautiful music and stirring sentiment in his metred appreciation of America's past in "Toll Bell; Keep Tolling," in "In a Time Unwished For," and other poems. "Free Men" is a rhapsody on freedom's uncompromising will and anger in the presence of oppression and tyranny. Here the poet speaks of "Freedom, merciful and clean," and challenges the

> Fools who try to plow it under,
> Can you be rid of rain and thunder?
> Fools who doubt it, will you try
> To dim the sun, defeat the sky?

Words like these are poetic manna for our fighting men abroad and at home:

> Freemen take their peace for granted
> As the thing they have, as the thing they wanted;
> But challenge it, and see the end
> Of the cruel folly you defend.
> Listen! Bend your ear! That drumming
> Is the sky marching, the earth coming.

This is a book of verse that a fighting America will do well to read and an America at peace may well remember.

KARL M. CHWOROWSKY.